

368

THE
WOODEN BOWL.
A T A L E.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,
A LOVE-MATCH.

TAKEN FROM
MR. COLLET'S FOUR CELEBRATED PIECES,

VIZ.
Courtship, Elopement, Honey-moon, and Matrimony.

Risum teneatis amici.

HOR.

L O N D O N :
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of
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TO THE

CANDID READER.

THESE Verses, Sir, you'll take the hint,
Were ne'er design'd t'appear in print ;
My doggrel Muse of Grub-street birth
Was e'er afraid to fally forth ;
Knowing, that in a multitude,
Meet she must many Critics rude ;
Who spare no Poets, old, or young,
But pull to pieces,—right, or wrong ;
'Till now at length to please her friends,
Abroad to hobble she intends ;
Seeing the streets are so well pav'd,
She hopes, from falling to be sav'd ;
She hopes, dear Sir, you'll give the wall,
And your kind arm, if like to fall :
As 'tis of going out the first time,
And consequently much the worst time ;

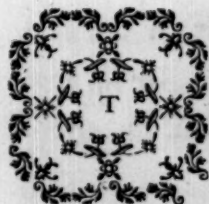
Humbly

Humbly intreats, you will look over
The many faults, you'll here discover ;
These verses were only intended
(But the least said is soonest mended)
To kill that irksome, tedious hour,
When under the hands of Friseur ;
Who combs, curls, puffs behind, before,
Then fiddle-faddles it o'er and o'er.
If lik'd this scheme, perhaps we may,
From garret strole some other day ;
But if not, good Sir, depend on't,
We starv'd must be ; so there's an end on't.

T H E



T H E
W O O D E N B O W L.



WO Oxford Scholars t'other day,
Chanc'd from their College far to stray;
Night coming on, they did not know,
Or what to do, or where to go;

The fields they wander up and down,
In hopes of seeing their dear town;
They look, they walk, they look again,
Go forwards, backwards, but in vain:
They it now finding grow so late,
Home could not go at any rate;
Resolve they then sharp to look out,
For some farm-house, cottage, or hut;

B

Where

Where get intelligence they might,
 Or supper, and bed for that night ;
 So in the morn return to College,
 And never more stray out o' knowledge.
 As on they go, they ascend a hill,
 And when at top they both stand still ;
 Eager they look,——at last one sees,
 A glimmering light between the trees :
 “ Look Jack, quoth Tom, I see a light ;
 “ O Tom, quoth Jack, a glorious sight !
 “ Come let us here no longer stay,
 “ But make the best to't of our way.”
 Close arm in arm they togeth'r keep,
 And on with fear they anxious creep ;
 The light oft times hid is by tree,
 Then it again with joy they see ;
 As to it approach they nearer,
 The light they see clearer and clearer ;
 They overjoy'd now courage take,
 And gladly in haste to it make :
 They arrive, and look, and stare about,
 And find only a poor, little hut ;

It

It was not time now to be nice,
 Seeing they had but Hobson's choice ;
 Resolve they without any more,
 Strait to find out, and knock at door ;
 That found Jack thumps most lustily,
 When one within cries crustily,
 " Whoa's there ? Whoa's there ? Tell me, I say,
 " Or at door you all night mu'n stay ;
 " Good Sir, quoth Tom, you need not fear,
 " For you have two poor Students here ;
 " That walk'd this day out from College,
 " And stray'd have quite out of knowledge ;
 " We to return most willing are,
 " If not too late, and not too far ;
 " But if——how canst thou Hodge, quoth Joan,
 " So rude be ? Manners thou hast none ;
 " How canst thou make the Ge'mmen wait
 " So long at door, when 'tis so late ?
 " Well, well, my dear, dost thou not knowa,
 " That we should look, before we goa ?
 " Now I knows 'en, ope' the door will,
 " Ife hope, Ge'mmen, you noa take it ill.

" Take

" Take it ill!—no, no, Tom replies,
 " There needs not any apologies;
 " We are from College so far stray'd,
 " That home to go we're quite afraid;
 " And hope, you'll therefore let us lodge,
 " With you this night good master Hodge.
 " Good Sirs, quoth Hodge, what can we do?
 " Our poor hut will but hold us to;
 " Howe'er with it if you'll put up,
 " With us you shall both sleep and sup.
 " Indeed, quoth Jack, Sir, for our parts,
 " It we'll accept with all our hearts;
 " For we Students, God be thanked,
 " In rug can sleep, or in blanket;
 " We any thing likewise can eat.—
 " Adsfakes, quoth Hodge, we ha' no meat;
 " Unless it be some bacon rusty,
 " And brown bread, that is stale and crusty:—
 " Come Joan, make haste, what art' about?
 " Why dost not bring, what we have, out?
 For supper now Joan strait prepares,
 And musters up two wooden chairs;

That

That made had been in Cromwell's days,
 Odd knives and forks on cloth she lays ;
 There two trenchers round, here two square,
 Bread, cheefe and bacon, then plac'd are.
 " Now, quoth Hodge, without more to doa,
 " You see what's here, zo pray fall toa ;
 " Ife ha' besides some humming beer,
 " Come, Joan, let's ha' a jug on't here ;
 " The poor Ge'mmen sure mu'n be dry,
 " And hungry as well as you and I."
 They now begin to drink, and eat,
 How good the ale, bread, cheefe and meat !
 They eat, they drink, they stuff away,
 None more jovial being than they ;
 As supper now they'd got, and beds,
 And a good house over their heads.
 Supper being done ; quoth Hodge, " Joan, Joan,
 " One word I'd speak to thee alone."
 Together then apart they go ;——
 " I knows not what, quoth Hodge, we'n do,
 " For bed adfbobs ! we ha' but one,
 " And in this case, what's to be done ?

C

" Indeed,

" Indeed, quoth Joan, tell I cannot,——
 " Stay—let me see——ha' na' we got
 " In the hay-loft an old flock bed,
 " Where poor dear Robin always laid ?
 " There we, you know, for once can sleep,
 " And our bed for the Scholards keep.
 " Ay, ay, quoth Hodge, and you'll take care,
 " For them, and us all to prepare.
 " Why, Hodge, quoth Joan, Ise all have got,
 " Unless it be a chamber-pot ;
 " For we alas but one pot have,
 " Which we mu'n for the Ge'mmen save.
 " Ay zure, quoth Hodge, adsbobs no matter,
 " We basin, bowl can use or platter ;
 " Where is the Wooden Bowl ; For that
 " Will serve as well as pewter pot ;
 " The Wooden Bowl ? quoth Joan, I think,
 " Just now I saw 'en in the sink."
 The two Scholars being pretty near,
 'Most every word that pass'd cou'd hear.
 " Now Tom, quoth Jack, a lucky thought,
 " My brain has enter'd, and shall out ;

To

" To the sink will I softly steal,

" And for this Wooden Bowl will feel ;

" When found, I'll in it bore a hole ;——

" 'Twill do, quoth Tom, upon my soul.

" I wish, dear Jack, it was once done,

" I long somehow to enjoy the fun."

Mischievous Jack then backwards went,

The bowl to find with full intent ;

He look'd about, he found the bowl,

And in it soon he bor'd a hole :

That done he softly return'd back,

" 'Tis done, 'tis done, dear Tom, quoth Jack,

" How we shall laugh, when——Hush! quoth Tom,

" There's the old folks,—see, here they come.

" Ge'mmen, cries Hodge, I hopes, you will

" Us both excuse, nor take it ill ;

" But we ha' been things to prepare,

" And for bed all now ready are ;

" That is, whene'er to go you choose,

" For here your freedom you mu'n use.

" Faith then, quoth Jack, w'are weary grown,

" With rambling the fields up and down ;

" And

" And care not, Sir, how soon to bed
 " We go. That is, quoth Hodge, well said,
 " Folk I'd ha' open be, and free,
 " Ise hate aw Court ceremony :
 " Come Joan, make haft, quick, bring a light,
 " I Sir, quoth Tom, wish you good night."
 When each had pass'd his compliment,
 To bed by pairs they togeth'r went.
 Jack and Tom soon themselves undress'd,
 Impatient being for their jest ;
 Together they low talking keep,
 To the end that they might not sleep.
 " We now dear Hodge, Ise think, quoth Joan,
 " To bed may gang, as we're alone.
 " Why Joan, quoth Hodge, indeed you knowa,
 " As how that when you woull, I'll goa."
 This couple now being agreed,
 Silent they haste to bed with speed ;
 Scarce e'en would they whisper for fear,
 Seeing the beds were pretty near ;
 Though this their caution was in vain,
 As our two Sparks awake had lain ;

And

And resolv'd were to keep awake,
Hoping e'er long Jack's scheme would take.

All now was hush ;——Hodge composes
Himself for sleep, and soon doses :

Joan finding now, that all was still,
Thought it her time the bowl to fill ;

Then for the bowl fumbling she feels,
That found, softly in bed she kneels :

No sooner she her affair began,

But out it pour'd on the poor man ;

Who neither was asleep, nor wake,

And now begins himself to shake ;

Then, “ Joan, quoth he, what ? art' asleep ?

“ The bowl, Joan, why does n't even keep ?

“ I'm zure, quoth Joan, it goes in plumb,

“ Nor is it yet arriv'd at thumb ;

“ How should it over therefore go ?

“ So fall asleep, Hodge, I pray you do ;

“ Mind thy ownself—let me aloane,

“ For I——in haste then Hodge, Joan, Joan,

“ It I cannoa bear,——confound it !

“ No more, no more, I shall be *drowned*.

D

“ It

" It Hodge, quoth Joan, to me should seem,
 " That you this while have been in dream.
 " How! dream! quoth Hodge, don't you believe?
 " Why, feel my shirt,—here, feel this sleeve;
 " I'm all muck wet,—pray, feel the bed.
 " Well Hodge, quoth Joan, I'm astonished;
 " I comprehend cannot I *wow*,
 " Nor tell which way, nor when, nor how;
 " It all went in I'm zure at top,
 " And now, dear Hodge, there's not one drop;
 " It puts me in a perfect fright,
 " But up I'll get, and strike a light;
 " The like before I ne'er did see,
 " Witchcraft it certainly must be."

In bed this while the other two
 From laughing out had much to do;
 They now their lips, now fingers bite,
 Catch now the sheet, and hold it tite;
 While they their laughing try to smother,
 They more to laugh provoke each other;
 Yet care not to laugh out they take,
 As they thought would be not awake.

Up

Up now Joan gets, she strikes a light,
Hastens to bed,——but what a sight !

“ O lud ! cries Joan, what shall we do ?

“ The bed it has run through and through.

“ Let’s see, quoth Hodge, the Wooden Bowl,

“ Look here, look here, why there’s a hole ;

“ You should ha’ look’d Joan, as I live,

“ You mought as well made use of sieve.

“ It shall, quoth Joan, be a warning,

“ But it I used in the morning ;

“ And then——howe’er I’ll tell you what,

“ I’ll spread under my petticoat ;

“ That, Hodge, you know us dry will keep,

“ Then comfortably may we sleep.”

This said, she spreads her petticoat,

To bed goes, and puts candle out :

To sleep now soon went every foul,——

And there’s an end o’ the Wooden Bowl.

A

L O V E - M A T C H .

THE Youth, the Maid, each other * court
 With their romantic, usual sport ;
 So exalted with them their tone is,
 That she's a Venus,—he Adonis ;
 Her hand he'll grasp, it kifs, and kifs,
 Vowing, that is his only blifs ;
 Then kneeling, staring he compares
 Her brighter eyes to the bright stars ;
 His arm then he'll throw round her bodice,
 Crying Angel, Queen, Charmer, Goddess !
 You men, quoth she, do so deceive,
 That we poor girls, can't you believe.
 To swear he now begins, his love
 Will constant everlasting prove.
 Swear not, quoth she, dear Sir, fie, fie,
 At him casting a wishful eye :

What

* Courtship.

What can we do when my parent
 Will not, you know, give his consent ?
 We'll other means, quoth he, and ways
 Find out ; to wit——I'll hire a chaise,
 To Scotland strait in that we'll fly,
 Where in the twinkling of an eye,
 We'll married be.——What says my Dear ?
 Well, well, quoth she, I——yet I fear ;——
 This she no sooner said, than he
 Away from her flew instantly ;
 Post chaise he brought, wherein gee ho
 To Scotland they impatient * go ;
 Where they in haste by Priest are ty'd,
 And Bridegroom they become and Bride.
 Home they go lovingly, where soon
 Begins the fulsome † Honey-moon ;
 When nothing can from them be heard,
 But *Love* and *Dear* at every word ;
 Together go to Park, and Play,
 To Vauxhall, Marybone, Ranelagh :
 Whate'er she wills, she need but name,
 And sure is he to will the same.

* Their Elopement.

E

† Honey-moon.

Like

Like turtle-doves they often coo,——
 And kifs,—and cry, *Vell,—how oo do?*
 When tete-à-tete she'll stir his tea,
 Lolling, then drawls,—*Oo don't love me;*——
Ifs I do ;—Oo dont ;—'pon honour,
And Tolly knows, Zimmy doats on her.
 Pronounce they never will their names,
 But Toll for Polly, Zimm for James ;
Chuck, Lovey, Dovey, as oo please,
My pretty Sweeting,—and such as these :
 In company she him will slap,
 While he his hand lays in her lap ;
 And such like monkey-tricks they'll play
 At home,—abroad,—at night,—by day :
 While others talk, they quite abrupt
 Them with their nonsense interrupt ;
 They mortify, them tire, and teaze,
 Caring themselves only to please ;
 They in short—but the moon of honey
 Soon changed is to Matrimony.
 Not that Lovers so fond as these,
 To this change come, but by degrees ;

For

For as the Proverb trite, and old,
 Says, What's too hot, can never hold:
 The love of this Pair prov'd too hot,
 And consequently hold could not.
 * Begins she herself to neglect,
 Begins to slacken his respect;
 He used to love to stay at home,
 Nor would e'er from his Polly roam;
 But now the case quite alter'd is,
 And she her parties will have,—he his:
 Like two buckets, as you may see,
 ('Tis but by way of simile)
 When one down goes, goes t'other up,
 Meet in the middle, but ne'er stop;
 So these two Lovers often meet,
 Yet seldom will each other greet;
 Stays he at home,—she'll then go out,—
 Goes he abroad,—she'll have a rout.
 'Bout four o'clock they at table meat,
 Where silent they their dinners eat;
 When done, she'll perhaps to him say,
 'Tis, I think, Sir,—heigh ho!—a dull day;

'Tis

* Matrimony;

'Tis middling, he grumly replies,
 And lolling on the table lies;
 His teeth then picking, cries, Who's there?
 Will, get the coach:—then she,—my chair;
 And somehow each one always knows
 To what party the other goes;
 Great care taking both he, and she,
 To avoid each other's company.
 They now to such a pass are come,
 That each must have a separate room;
 A separate bed, separate table,
 Now-a-days too fashionable.
 The love of these two could not last,
 As it the bounds of medium pass'd;
 When changed it was into hate,
 And conclude they to separate.

F I N I S.